













# Something New.

## Something Very Choice.

### Something for Every Mother.

#### An Unparalleled Offer.

**\$3.50 for 80 Cts.**  
**\$3.50 for 80 Cts.**

Two Lithed Water Colors - \$2.50  
Weekly Globe Six Months - .50  
Sunshine for Little Children, - .50  
(24 large and handsomely illustrated pages)

**\$3.50**

For some time we have been in search of paintings, to be given to our subscribers, that would represent the best artistic merit, and at the same time carry joy and sunshine into every home. We have at last been successful, and are now able to present every subscriber

## Some Beautiful Water Colors.

1.—"Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" are two distinct lithed water-colors, by Ida Waugh, the great American artist, soft in tone and as natural as life in expression, of a size suitable for framing, and of a style and beauty to adorn every parlor. In "Fast Asleep" a golden-haired babe, with its head resting upon its hand, sleeps, smiling in its dream. In "Wide Awake," it has partly risen from its cot to greet its loving mother. Both are entirely new subjects, and were never offered before this year, in this or any other country.

2.—"Brown Eyes," and "Blue Eyes," Mr. "Mother's Jewels," consist of two distinct lithed water-colors, of the same quality and just as beautiful as the others, and by the same artist, Ida Waugh. One is a babe in the attitude of springing into its mother's arms; the other is a babe hired of play with its rubber ring, and cunningly sucking its thumb. Both appeal to love and admiration. Both can be framed and will decorate the richest home.

3.—"Sunshine for Little Children" is a large 24-page folio, printed from large type, and containing some of the best wood engravings ever shown in this country, and bound in covers handsomely decorated with colored lithographs of the same quality and just as beautiful as the others, and by the same artist, Ida Waugh. The leading matter has been carefully selected to secure the highest literary and moral value. It is a beautiful present for all seasons of the year.

4.—THE WEEKLY GLOBE is known to everybody as the newest, brightest, the most instructive and entertaining, the most popular newspaper in the world. It will speak for itself against all competitors.

## NOW FOR OUR OFFER.

The Most Valuable,  
The Most Generous,  
WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OFFER No. 1.

**\$3.50 for 80 Cts.**

- 1.—Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
- 2.—Sunshine for Little Children.
- 3.—The Weekly Globe for Six Months.

We will send all of the above on receipt of 80 cents and prepaid postage on each, so that you will receive them free from any postal or express charges.

OFFER No. 2.

**\$4.00 for \$1.30.**

- 1.—Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
- 2.—Sunshine for Little Children.
- 3.—The Weekly Globe for One Year.

We will send all of the above on receipt of \$1.30, and prepaid postage on each, so that you will receive them free from any postal or express charges.

OFFER No. 3.

**\$4.00 for \$1.30.**

- 1.—Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
- 2.—Sunshine for Little Children.
- 3.—The Weekly Globe for One Year.

The above will be given to any person sending two new or old subscribers and \$2.00, each subscriber receiving THE WEEKLY GLOBE one year, but no express charges.

OFFER No. 4.

**\$4.00 for \$1.30.**

- 1.—Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
- 2.—Sunshine for Little Children.
- 3.—The Weekly Globe for One Year.

The above will be given to each club of 2 yearly subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE sending \$3.00 and fifteen cents extra to pay postage. Each of the subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY GLOBE one year, and each will receive the premiums.

TO AGENTS.—We are anxious to introduce these pictures and this magazine, in connection with THE WEEKLY GLOBE, into every town in the United States. It is only necessary to show them to make every one anxious to subscribe. The regular commission is allowed on offers No. 1 and No. 2, but we cannot afford to give any commission on offers No. 3 and No. 4. Send for sample copies.

**6 Copies 14 months each for \$5.00**

(Without Premiums.)

Weekly Globe, One Year, - \$1.00

Weekly Globe, 6 Months, 50 cents

Address

**THE WEEKLY GLOBE,**

BOSTON, MASS.

## Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1887.

### PREMIUMS WITHDRAWN.

The Waterbury Watch premium is withdrawn with this issue, and will never be offered again. We have 20 watches in stock, which we will give, as per advertised terms, to the 20 subscribers whose orders are received first.

### SEVERAL NEW FEATURES.

Will commit themselves to subscribers and make The Weekly Globe more desirable than ever before. Talmage's sermons, a condensed summary of American news of the week, a brief history of the week's doings abroad, illustrated fashions, fancy-work, etc., for the ladies, will now appear in every issue. During the summer, short stories, instead of serials, will be given. They will be furnished by popular writers.

### HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED?

When you renew, you not form a club, and help make converts to the Democratic party? Any one can form a club, and you can get quite a number to subscribe without much of an exertion. All you have to do if you wish to form a club is to send for poster, sample copies and agents' private rates, all of which are furnished free. Form a club and make more Democrats in your town.

### THE EARTH TREMBLED.

This story of the civil war and the Charleston earthquake was begun three weeks ago, but back numbers can be supplied. No admirer of Mr. Roe, who is the most popular American writer of fiction, can afford to miss "The Earth Trembled," his latest and best work.

### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR BELONGS.

No recent tribute to the public services of any distinguished American is more timely or more richly merited than that which was conferred in the analytical estimate of the masterly diplomacy of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS while minister to England, in the Quincy edition of Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT. In the modern triumph of magnetic reputation, the cool, calm, fixed purpose displayed by Mr. ADAMS in the very crisis of our national fortunes, is apt to be overlooked, or at least relegated to the realm of ordinary and routine matters. But it was a factor in our history that will long continue to challenge its parallel.

That very temperament of Mr. ADAMS which has been made the subject of chaffing criticism, was a potent guarantee of his steady success in maintaining his difficult position. It seconded at all points the penetrative sagacity, the determination, the serious sense of responsibility, and all the active intellectual powers of the man who represented our entire national fortunes before the civilized world.

The triumphs won during the conflict for the Union by military and naval captains were not of a character to allow of comparison with this noblest triumph which Mr. ADAMS achieved. Under all the circumstances, it was far more than unprecedented—it was phenomenal. For it is his countrymen have reason to hold his name in the highest honor to the most distant generation.

### THE TRAIL OF THE AUGUST ECLIPSE.

A total eclipse of the sun, one of the chief astronomical events of the year, will occur on the 10th of August. The eclipse, though of only average duration, will prove of special value to science, from the fact that the track of the moon's shadow will be practically a continental one, and thus unusual opportunities for concerted observation will be afforded. The eclipses of the past four years have been mainly visible from the oceans. The phenomenon of next month will be a partial eclipse in Great Britain, and invisible in the United States. The middle phase will have been reached at sunrise for points immediately west of Berlin in Prussia; and Berlin may possibly be favored with a sight of the totality ere the track of the shadow passes into Russia. The central line of the eclipse does not leave the Russian borders until it reaches 112° east longitude. It then crosses Manchuria and the Sea of Japan, and cuts the principal island of the Japanese group a short distance north of the capital. The latter part of the eclipse's course will lie over the North Pacific ocean, and, except for the little island of Rico de Oro, it does not touch land again. But the path of totality will not only lie over land; it passes through a number of important towns besides. Königsberg is just outside Kovno, Wilna and Vitebsk are all within the shadow, Wilna being nearly in the central line. But probably the greatest interest will be in the nearest district which will be occupied by astronomers.

At Moscow itself the eclipse will not be total; but three railways, radiating from Moscow, will afford easy access to places actually on the central line. The most westerly of these three railways is that which unites St. Petersburg with the older capital, and which passes through Tver. The latter town is nearly in the central line, being slightly north of it. The sun, in the Tver neighborhood, will have an elevation of 16° and the maximum duration of totality will be two and one-half minutes. Three parties—two German and one French—will locate within the government of which Tver is the capital. The second railway, running from Moscow to Volodga, passes through Jaroslavl, which lies within the track of the shadow. Petrovsk, on this railway, is very near the central line of the eclipse; and at Petrovsk the sun will be 2° higher than near Tver, and the duration will be two minutes and 32 seconds. The third of the Moscow railways runs to Kineshma, which is itself near the central line of the shadow. From Moscow there is also a railway line through Nijni Novgorod to Kazan, and a service of river steamers runs thence up the river Kama to Perm. This last town is south of the track of the shadow; but the totality lasts two minutes and 43 seconds, and the sun is 23° high at mid-eclipse. With favorable weather, Perm would be the most advantageous station for astronomers who can afford to travel the great distance; but Professor BRECHING, director of the Moscow observatory, has his own private observatory only two kilometers from Kineshma, and his hospitality has been generously offered two English astronomers. Professor YOUNG of Princeton College will have his station near Kineshma, and additional parties of Italian and English astronomers will be located in the neighboring government of Vladimir. The eclipse being visible in Europe, and from places so readily accessible from American capitals, the government of Russia will be equipped for its observance. The path of totality coincides, in a most remarkable manner, with the lines of the Russia overland telegraph, so that it will be possible to select a series of stations in telegraphic communication with each other, extending over a distance of 100 degrees of longitude, and with the extreme difference in the time of totality of an hour and a half. It is expected that the Russian telegraph authorities will give the use of their lines, at this time, for astronomical purposes; and that this unusual facility for watching the phenomena of the eclipse by scientists will be utilized to its fullest extent.

The Japanese island of Sado, free to foreigners, is wholly within the shadow; the sun will here be 37° high, and the duration will be three minutes and 18 seconds.

### EDITORIAL POINTS.

TUTTLE wears the cap and bells conferred on him by 60,000 people.

Somebody should start a new temperance movement to rescue the perishing from the deadly ice pitcher.

DON CAMERON has gone to Alaska. Will the future Bar Harbor be situated in that far-away possession?

Hundreds of our youth awake to the realization this morning that their days of playing "Simon says, thumbs up," are o'er.

It is too bad the fiery fiend hasn't grown a bump of reverence big enough to make him leave Sam Augustine and Quebec alone.

Her most violently against the stripes in the flag. If this eminent apostle of beer and bluffs should prefer it, he may have the stripes in his clothes.

We note with satisfaction the universal commendation in Chicago of the fine and discriminating taste displayed by the President in declining to go to St. Louis.

One hundred and twenty-two families in New York city were made ill by eating ice cream on July 4, according to the New York Sun. Tell this to your best girl.

People who complain of the heat ought to be thankful that our cities and towns are on solid foundations, and do not disappear in the lake as part of the village of Zug did on Wednesday.

JEFFERSON DAVIS made a Fourth of July speech. It was a good speech in spots, but he spoiled it all by insisting that the rebellion was right. J. D. should make a study of silence.

Following the "Oil Trust" and the "Rubber Trust" comes the "Whiskey Trust." The scoundrelly bartender, however, totally ignores this, and insists on cash down for his whiskey.

KAPLAN is on her way back to New York. Having gone to Victoria, she has since she left she need not expect another big spread in Boston. She has deserted herself, as it were.

First the White House doors were locked against him and now the doorknocker of the city hall in the fifth rate town of Edinboro refuses admission to Mr. BLAINE. The down-bill trip is indeed swift.

The Chinese Emperor is going to get married, and the happy event will cost his subjects \$5,000,000. If His Imperial Majesty should turn bigamist his country would soon go into the hands of a receiver.

After working over the books for three years, the receiver of a failed Washington bank has found out that there is enough assets to pay its creditors one cent on the dollar. He must be a very able receiver.

This resolute bunch of San Francisco cranks, styling themselves "the American party," ought, by right, to be called "the Chinese party." Their political economy is all borrowed or stolen from the Celestials.

Now they say Mr. BLAINE is abroad on business as well as pleasure, trying to put some mines and railroads on the London market. Perhaps JAMES will let GRANT STONE in "on the ground floor of the enterprise."

The soulful business of studying BROWN's poems to see if they can by any stretch of ingenuity be made to mean something is still going on in Boston and vicinity. And yet we wonder at the steady increase of insanity.

A young lady at New Haven has married a young Chinaman. It is quoted as the first case of its kind in Boston, and the bride, married one many years ago. He lived here contented, but after his wife's death he went back to China. The old tie was too strong.

As the years roll on Gettysburg stands out more and more as the one historic battlefield of our civil war, to which pilgrims come from all parts of the world, and many generations to come. It is to this continent what the field of Waterloo is to Europe.

HOWARD credits Inspector BYRNES with having worked such a change in Wall Street that not a ten cent piece has been taken from there by a professional thief in three months. Perhaps JAMES will let GRANT STONE in "on the ground floor of the enterprise."

An Irish woman was suspended the other day for failing to jubilate over Queen VICTORIA, and now a lot of French marines are dismissed for jubilitating over the Count of MONTEPULCINO, the nearest district which will be occupied by astronomers.

At Moscow itself the eclipse will not be total; but three railways, radiating from Moscow, will afford easy access to places actually on the central line. The most westerly of these three railways is that which unites St. Petersburg with the older capital, and which passes through Tver. The latter town is nearly in the central line, being slightly north of it. The sun, in the Tver neighborhood, will have an elevation of 16° and the maximum duration of totality will be two and one-half minutes. Three parties—two German and one French—will locate within the government of which Tver is the capital. The second railway, running from Moscow to Volodga, passes through Jaroslavl, which lies within the track of the shadow. Petrovsk, on this railway, is very near the central line of the eclipse; and at Petrovsk the sun will be 2° higher than near Tver, and the duration will be two minutes and 32 seconds. The third of the Moscow railways runs to Kineshma, which is itself near the central line of the shadow. From Moscow there is also a railway line through Nijni Novgorod to Kazan, and a service of river steamers runs thence up the river Kama to Perm. This last town is south of the track of the shadow; but the totality lasts two minutes and 43 seconds, and the sun is 23° high at mid-eclipse. With favorable weather, Perm would be the most advantageous station for astronomers who can afford to travel the great distance; but Professor BRECHING, director of the Moscow observatory, has his own private observatory only two kilometers from Kineshma, and his hospitality has been generously offered two English astronomers. Professor YOUNG of Princeton College will have his station near Kineshma, and additional parties of Italian and English astronomers will be located in the neighboring government of Vladimir. The eclipse being visible in Europe, and from places so readily accessible from American capitals, the government of Russia will be equipped for its observance. The path of totality coincides, in a most remarkable manner, with the lines of the Russia overland telegraph, so that it will be possible to select a series of stations in telegraphic communication with each other, extending over a distance of 100 degrees of longitude, and with the extreme difference in the time of totality of an hour and a half. It is expected that the Russian telegraph authorities will give the use of their lines, at this time, for astronomical purposes; and that this unusual facility for watching the phenomena of the eclipse by scientists will be utilized to its fullest extent.

The Japanese island of Sado, free to foreigners, is wholly within the shadow; the sun will here be 37° high, and the duration will be three minutes and 18 seconds.

Another consideration that may perhaps affect the choice of the candidate for vice president will be the desire of those Democrats who withhold from the head of the ticket the full sympathy, to assert themselves and secure in the next best place a thorough-going representative of their own ideas and purposes. An effort of this sort might create some little passing fun in the convention.

ROSCOE CONKLING is revisiting Chicago after a conspicuous absence of seven years. People are crowding about him now as they did before, and hundreds sit around all day with their mouths open, anxiously waiting for him to open. When Mr. CONKLING was last in Chicago he was a senator; now he is a lawyer. Then he went to the wild and windy metropolis of the prairies and the lakes as the leader and spokesman of the third term movement, an unparalleled and in every way a most remarkable incident in American politics; now he goes to make the closing argument in a case about some waxed paper. Then he coolly sues a lemon while the BLAINE men tried to howl him down, and when order had returned, celebrated the fame of the conquering general of the civil war in the most audacious bit of doggerel ever tittered on such an occasion. Now he rises to defend in musty legal terms the patent rights of the Hammering Manufacturing Company. Now, with his retainer in his pocket and his fee pledged, his triumph cannot be affected by the decision. Before he goes 306 votes and went home a beaten man, destined to be beaten again a year later and driven from political life.

But what boots it? Who now bears the palm of victory of 1887?

The grave has closed over the chief principals in the presidential campaign of that year. GARFIELD is dead and GRANT is dead. BLAINE has been beaten and ARTHUR is dead. BLAINE has been beaten again, and WINDOM delivered a temperance lecture down in Connecticut the other day. ENMITY is now no more of a presidential quantity than the man in the moon.

ELIOT B. WASHINGTON, who gave his old townsmen, GRANT, the Brutus thrust, is utterly lost to public view. There is left only a single player in that strangely faded game who has not had his second inning. JOHN SHERMAN is his name, and he seems bent on defeating himself before the next contest begins.

But CONKLING, the first of all the lot to be overwhelmed, is growing gray and hearty on a hundred thousand a year, freed from the duties and vexations of political life, while still in the enjoyment of the lion's share of the nation's curious and watchful interest?

Who lost?

LIAM P. VILAS, another veteran and the present successful postmaster-general; and away out on the Pacific slope, where neither a president nor a vice president ever dwelt, either the late governor or the present Governor of California, STONEMAN or BARTLETT, is by no means unworthy of consideration from the standpoint of geographical and personal availability.

Both the Pacific coast and Indiana demand the first and most cautious consideration among the States in the West. On them the East and South will rely for all the help that may be needed.

Another consideration that may perhaps affect the choice of the candidate for vice president will be the desire of those Democrats who withhold from the head of the ticket the full sympathy, to assert themselves and secure in the next best place a thorough-going representative of their own ideas and purposes. An effort of this sort might create some little passing fun in the convention.

ROSCOE CONKLING is revisiting Chicago after a conspicuous absence of seven years. People are crowding about him now as they did before, and hundreds sit around all day with their mouths open, anxiously waiting for him to open. When Mr. CONKLING was last in Chicago he was a senator; now he is a lawyer. Then he went to the wild and windy metropolis of the prairies and the lakes as the leader and spokesman of the third term movement, an unparalleled and in every way a most remarkable incident in American politics; now he goes to make the closing argument in a case about some waxed paper. Then he coolly sues a lemon while the BLAINE men tried to howl him down, and when order had returned, celebrated the fame of the conquering general of the civil war in the most audacious bit of doggerel ever tittered on such an occasion. Now he rises to defend in musty legal terms the patent rights of the Hammering Manufacturing Company. Now, with his retainer in his pocket and his fee pledged, his triumph cannot be affected by the decision. Before he goes 306 votes and went home a beaten man, destined to be beaten again a year later and driven from political life.

But what boots it? Who now bears the palm of victory of 1887?

The grave has closed over the chief principals in the presidential campaign of that year. GARFIELD is dead and GRANT is dead. BLAINE has been beaten and ARTHUR is dead. BLAINE has been beaten again, and WINDOM delivered a temperance lecture down in Connecticut the other day. ENMITY is now no more of a presidential quantity than the man in the moon.

ELIOT B. WASHINGTON, who gave his old townsmen, GRANT, the Brutus thrust, is utterly lost to public view. There is left only a single player in that strangely faded game who has not had his second inning. JOHN SHERMAN is his name, and he seems bent on defeating himself before the next contest begins.

But CONKLING, the first of all the lot to be overwhelmed, is growing gray and hearty on a hundred thousand a year, freed from the duties and vexations of political life, while still in the enjoyment of the lion's share of the nation's curious and watchful interest?

Who lost?

LIAM P. VILAS, another veteran and the present successful postmaster-general; and away out on the Pacific slope, where neither a president nor a vice president ever dwelt, either the late governor or the present Governor of California, STONEMAN or BARTLETT, is by no means unworthy of consideration from the standpoint of geographical and personal availability.

Both the Pacific coast and Indiana demand the first and most cautious consideration among the States in the West. On them the East and South will rely for all the help that may be needed.

Another consideration that may perhaps affect the choice of the candidate for vice president will be the desire of those Democrats who withhold from the head of the ticket the full sympathy, to assert themselves and secure in the next best place a thorough-going representative of their own ideas and purposes. An effort of this sort might create some little passing fun in the convention.

ROSCOE CONKLING is revisiting Chicago after a conspicuous absence of seven years. People are crowding about him now as they did before, and hundreds sit around all day with their mouths open, anxiously waiting for him to open. When Mr. CONKLING was last in Chicago he was a senator; now he is a lawyer. Then he went to the wild and windy metropolis of the prairies and the lakes as the leader and spokesman of the third term movement, an unparalleled and in every way a most remarkable incident in American politics; now he goes to make the closing argument in a case about some waxed paper. Then he coolly sues a lemon while the BLAINE men tried to howl him down, and when order had returned, celebrated the fame of the conquering general of the civil war in the most audacious bit of doggerel ever tittered on such an occasion. Now he rises to defend in musty legal terms the patent rights of the Hammering Manufacturing Company. Now, with his retainer in his pocket and his fee pledged, his triumph cannot be affected by the decision. Before he goes 306 votes and went home a beaten man, destined to be beaten again a year later and driven from political life.

But what boots it? Who now bears the palm of victory of 1887?

The grave has closed over the chief principals in the presidential campaign of that year. GARFIELD is dead and GRANT is dead. BLAINE has been beaten and ARTHUR is dead. BLAINE has been beaten again, and WINDOM delivered a temperance lecture down in Connecticut the other day. ENMITY is now no more of a presidential quantity than the man in the moon.

ELIOT B. WASHINGTON, who gave his old townsmen, GRANT, the Brutus thrust, is utterly lost to public view. There is left only a single player in that strangely faded game who has not had his second inning. JOHN SHERMAN is his name, and he seems bent on defeating himself before the next contest begins.

But CONKLING, the first of all the lot to be overwhelmed, is growing gray and hearty on a hundred thousand a year, freed from the duties and vexations of political life, while still in the enjoyment of the lion's share of the nation's curious and watchful interest?

Who lost?

LIAM P. VILAS, another veteran and the present successful postmaster-general; and away out on the Pacific slope, where neither a president nor a vice president ever dwelt, either the late governor or the present Governor of California, STONEMAN or BARTLETT, is by no means unworthy of consideration from the standpoint of geographical and personal availability.

Both the Pacific coast and Indiana demand the first and most cautious consideration among the States in the West. On them the East and South will rely for all the help that may be needed.

Another consideration that may perhaps affect the choice of the candidate for vice president will be the desire of those Democrats who withhold from the head of the ticket the full sympathy, to assert themselves and secure in the next best place a thorough-going representative of their own ideas and purposes. An effort of this sort might create some little passing fun in the convention.

ROSCOE CONKLING is revisiting Chicago after a conspicuous absence of seven years. People are crowding about him now as they did before, and hundreds sit around all day with their mouths open, anxiously waiting for him to open. When Mr. CONKLING was last in Chicago he was a senator; now he is a lawyer. Then he went to the wild and windy metropolis of the prairies and the lakes as the leader and spokesman of the third term movement, an unparalleled and in every way a most remarkable incident in American politics; now he goes to make the closing argument in a case about some waxed paper. Then he coolly sues a lemon while the BLAINE men tried to howl him down, and when order had returned, celebrated the fame of the conquering general of the civil war in the most audacious bit of doggerel ever tittered on such an occasion. Now he rises to defend in musty legal terms the patent rights of the Hammering Manufacturing Company. Now, with his retainer in his pocket and his fee pledged, his triumph cannot be affected by the decision. Before he goes 306 votes and went home a beaten man, destined to be beaten again a year later and driven from political life.

But what boots it? Who now bears the palm of victory of 1887?

The grave has closed over the chief principals in the presidential campaign of that year. GARFIELD is dead and GRANT is dead. BLAINE has been beaten and ARTHUR is dead. BLAINE has been beaten again, and WINDOM delivered a temperance lecture down in Connecticut the other day. ENMITY is now no more of a presidential quantity than the man in the moon.

ELIOT B. WASHINGTON, who gave his old townsmen, GRANT, the Brutus thrust, is utterly lost to public view. There is left only a single player in that strangely faded game who has not had his second inning. JOHN SHERMAN is his name, and he seems bent on defeating himself before the next contest begins.

But CONKLING, the first of all the lot to be overwhelmed, is growing gray and hearty on a hundred thousand a year, freed from the duties and vexations of political life, while still in the enjoyment of the lion's share of the nation's curious and watchful interest?

Who lost?

LIAM P. VILAS, another veteran and the present successful postmaster-general; and away out on the Pacific slope, where neither a president nor a vice president ever dwelt, either the late governor or the present Governor of California, STONEMAN or BARTLETT, is by no means unworthy of consideration from the standpoint of geographical and personal availability.

Both the Pacific coast and Indiana demand the first and most cautious consideration among the States in the West. On them the East and South will rely for all the help that may be needed.

Another consideration that may perhaps affect the choice of the candidate for vice president will be the desire of those Democrats who withhold from the head of the ticket the full sympathy, to assert themselves and secure in the next best place a thorough-going representative of their own ideas and purposes. An effort of this sort might create some little passing fun in the convention.

ROSCOE CONKLING is revisiting Chicago after a conspicuous absence of seven years. People are crowding about him now as they did before, and hundreds sit around all day with their mouths open, anxiously waiting for him to open. When Mr. CONKLING was last in Chicago he was a senator; now he is a lawyer. Then he went to the wild and windy metropolis of the prairies and the lakes as the leader and spokesman of the third term movement, an unparalleled and in every way a most remarkable incident in American politics; now he goes to make the closing argument in a case about some waxed paper. Then he coolly sues a lemon while the BLAINE men tried to howl him down, and when order had returned, celebrated the fame of the conquering general of the civil war in the most audacious bit of doggerel ever tittered on such an occasion. Now he rises to defend in musty legal terms the patent rights of the Hammering Manufacturing Company. Now, with his retainer in his pocket and his fee pledged, his triumph cannot be affected by the decision. Before he goes 306 votes and went home a beaten man, destined to be beaten again a year later and driven from political life.

But what boots it? Who now bears the palm of victory of 1887?

The grave has closed over the chief principals in the presidential campaign of that year. GARFIELD is dead and GRANT is dead. BLAINE has been beaten and ARTHUR is dead. BLAINE has been beaten again, and WINDOM delivered a temperance lecture down in Connecticut the other day. ENMITY is now no more of a presidential quantity than the man in the moon.

ELIOT B. WASHINGTON, who gave his old townsmen, GRANT, the Brutus thrust, is utterly lost to public view. There is left only a single player in that strangely faded game who has not had his second inning. JOHN SHERMAN is his name, and he seems bent on defeating himself before the next contest begins.

But CONKLING, the first of all the lot to be overwhelmed, is growing gray and hearty on a hundred thousand a year, freed from the duties and vexations of political life, while still in the enjoyment of the lion's share of the nation's curious and watchful interest?

Who lost?

LIAM P. VILAS, another veteran and the present successful postmaster-general; and away out on the Pacific slope, where neither a president nor a vice president ever dwelt, either the late governor or the present Governor of California, STONEMAN or BARTLETT, is by no means unworthy of consideration from the standpoint of geographical and personal availability.

Both the Pacific coast and Indiana demand the first and most cautious consideration among the States in the West. On them the East and South will rely for all the help that may be needed.

Another consideration that may perhaps affect the choice of the candidate for vice president will be the desire of those Democrats who withhold from the head of the ticket the full sympathy, to assert themselves and secure in the next best place a thorough-going representative of their own ideas and purposes. An effort of this sort might create some little passing fun in the convention.

ROSCOE CONKLING is revisiting Chicago after a conspicuous absence of seven years. People are crowding about him now as they did before, and hundreds sit around all day with their mouths open, anxiously waiting for him to open. When Mr. CONKLING was last in Chicago he was a senator; now he is a lawyer. Then he went to the wild and windy metropolis of the prairies and the lakes as the leader and spokesman of the third term movement, an unparalleled and in every way a most remarkable incident in American politics; now he goes to make the closing argument in a case















